

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



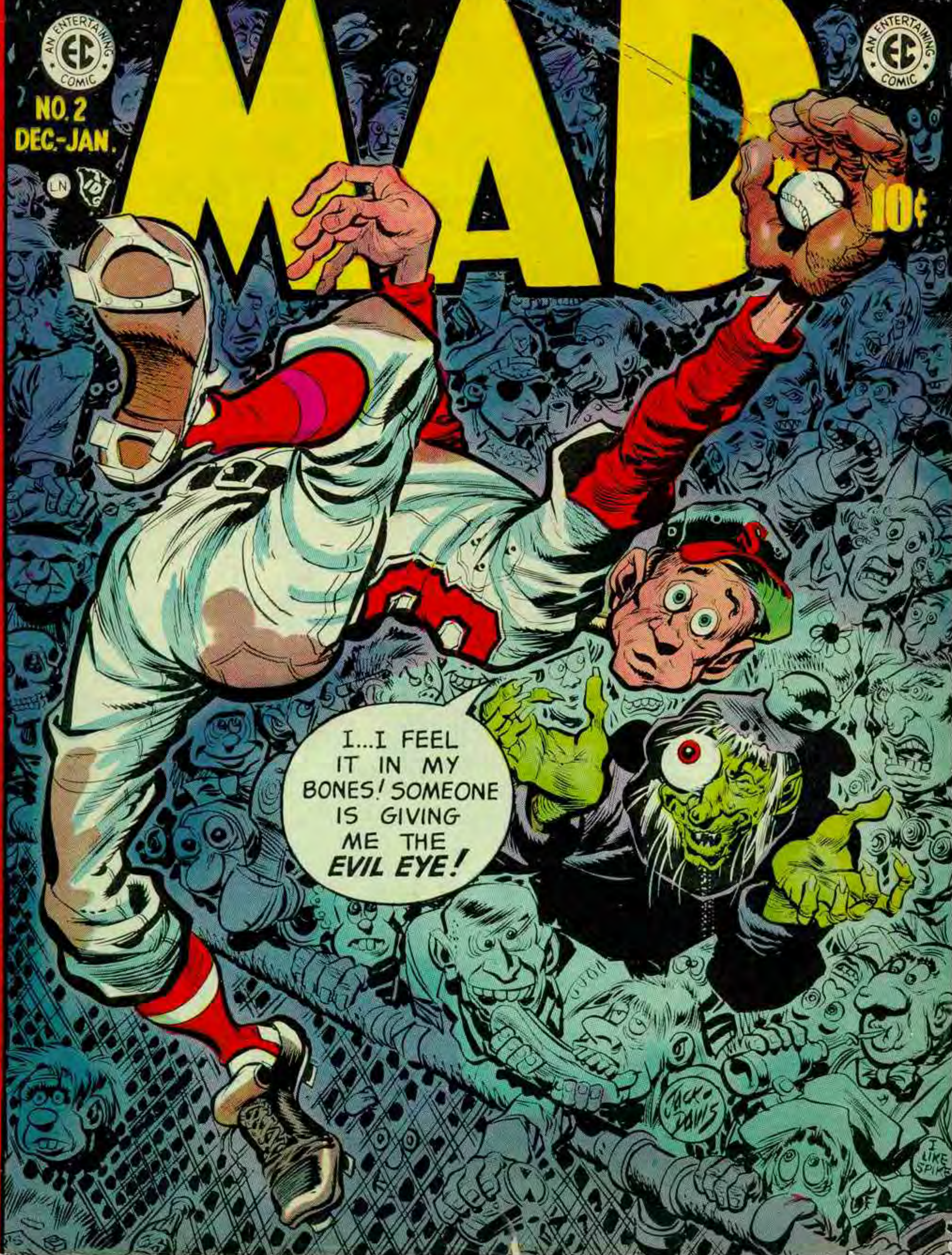
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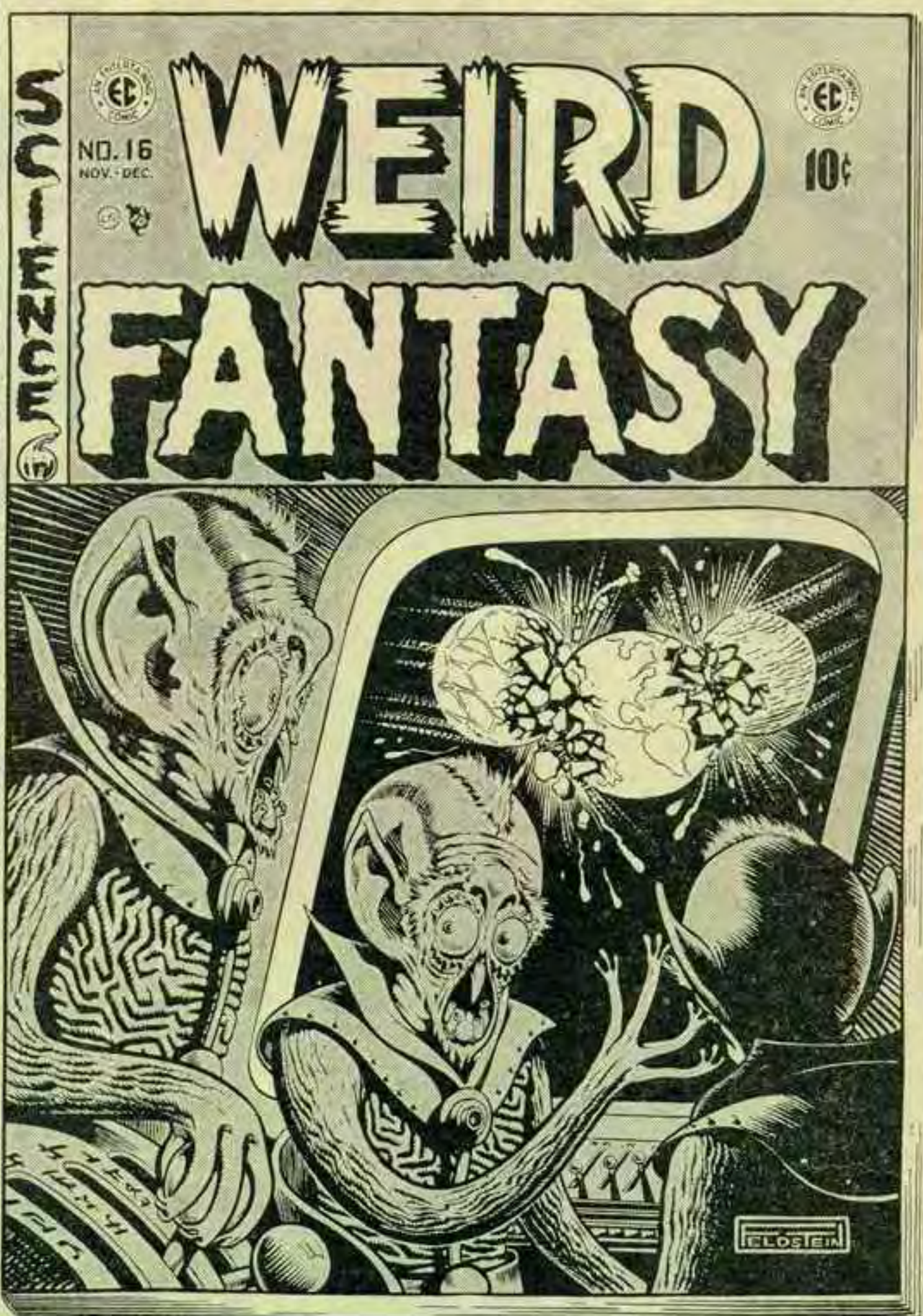
MAD

I...I FEEL
IT IN MY
BONES! SOMEONE
IS GIVING
ME THE
EVIL EYE!



EC. FANS!

**WE ARE PROUDEST OF OUR
SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR**



**ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



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TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE ...







ATTABOY, CASEY
LOVER! THAT'S
THE WAY TO SNAG
'EM, LOVER!



AAAH, YOU'VE BEEN
BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE
WON'T WIN THE
PENNANT TODAY!

I'LL GIVE YOU LUCK,
CASEY! PROMISE TO
MARRY ME AND I'LL
WIN YOU THE
PENNANT!



SURE, I'LL MARRY YOU, DOLL!
NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA
YOUR LAP BACK INTO
THE GAME...



WICK



DUMB DAME!
WHATSA
IDEA STICKIN
ME WITH
A PIN?

BLOOD,
CASEY! YOU
AGREED TO
A PACT AND
WE'LL SIGN IT
IN BLOOD!



QUIT
TALKIN' TA
THEM SPEC-
TATORS,
CASEY, ER
I'LL SLAP
A FINE ON
YA!

CRAZY OL'
DAME!
STICKS
ME WITH
A PIN!

BLOOD! YAHABA!
A PACT IN BLOOD!
YOU BELONG TO ME,
CASEY... YAHABA...
TO ME!



THUNDER! THAT'S
FUNNY! THERE AIN'T
A CLOUD IN THE
SKY!

VLADADOOOMMM



IT LOOKS LIKE THE SWEAT SOX ARE RALLYING! YEGGI BORRA BELTS ONE OUT!



...STAN MUSICAL CONNECTS!



...PREACHER ROWBOAT CONNECTS!



...EDDY STUNKY CONNECTS!



WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO MEN OUT, THE SWEAT SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...



...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE TO THE CENTERFIELD... MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S GOT IT...



...NO!!!...THE BALL IS TAKING A CRAZY HOP...SAILING OVER DEMOOGIO'S HEAD...OUT...OUT...OUT OF THE PARK!



...HOME RUN!









JUNGLE DEPT.: AFRICA! WILD...UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE! AFRICA!... HOME OF THE FERCE GOMWGLI PYGMIES... THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKABALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS! ALSO, HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN... AN APEMAN NAMED...

MELVIN!



HO HUM! ME, MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TINK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES...



HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?









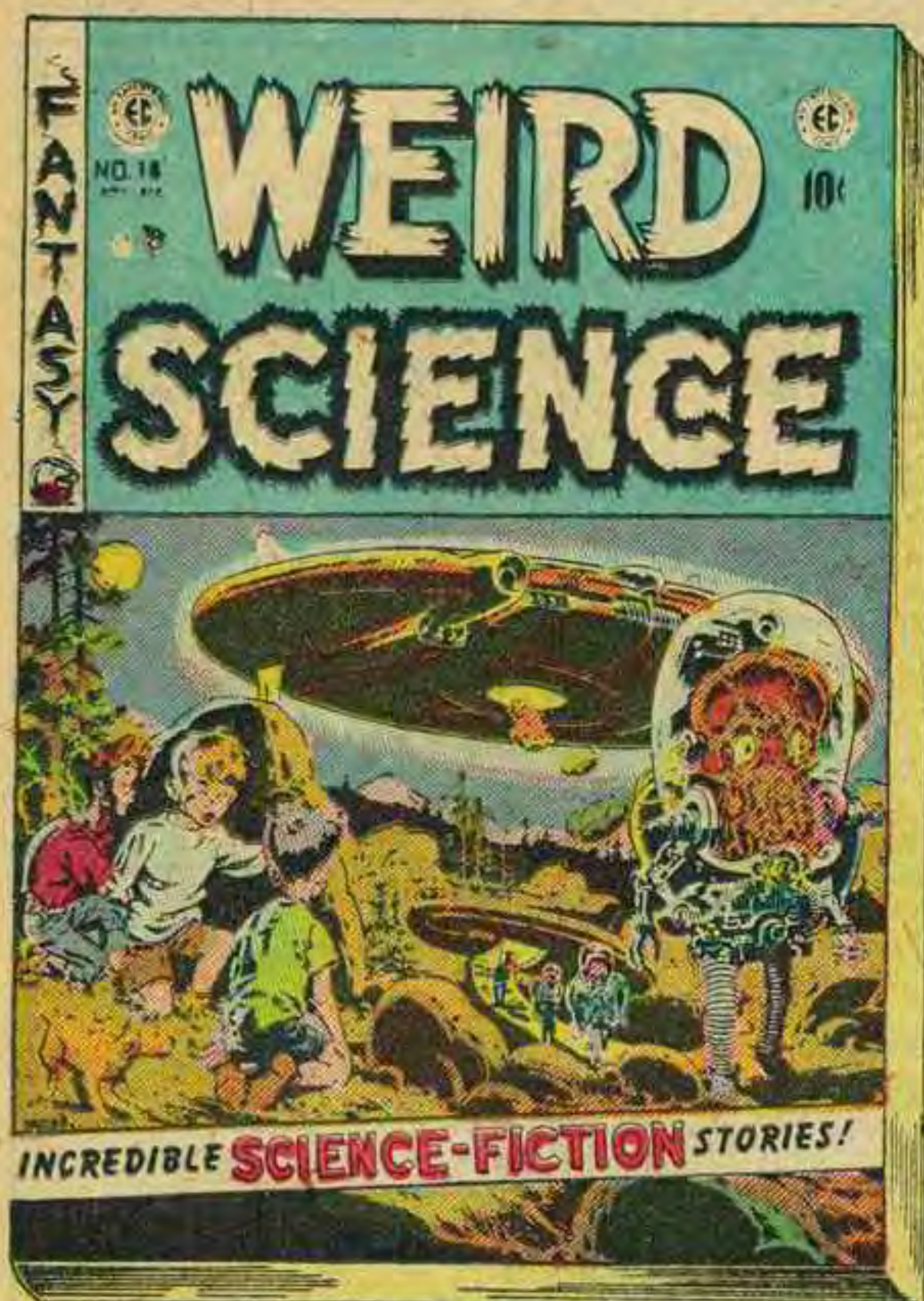






E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
ENTERTAINING COMIC!
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbaktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smearred eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What is it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissue faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness!! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" ... "Right, Mo!" ... "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" ... "Right, Mo!" ... "The third step, too!" ... "Right, Mo!" ... "Fourth's bad!" ... "Right, Mo!" "Fifth's worse yet!" ... "Right, Mo!" ... Watch the SEVENTH step ... very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester ... a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a storm in a port! Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room.

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed ... ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

"Welcome to breakfast with the McSnarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar ...

"Mo ... you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"



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CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the mid-west, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Symphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old school-chum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old school-mate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I **hate** to admit it, but I was about to be tossed **out** anyway! They discovered a knothole in **my** polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song. 'I'll take

you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!?' Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

.

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr. Bazinski \$100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before.

Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second* set of teeth to cut gum!

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: **NIGHT!** A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF HERFNICK, MARTIAN, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE ...

GOOKUM!



AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME STEWED MOMMY CRITS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!



MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH, STROLLING ALONG THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF WITH MY GRANDFATHER!



COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE GREAT WALL!



THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!

FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!



CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!

NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE, GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE GOOKUM!



M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE PINK GOOKUM! THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF!... TO PROTECT US FROM THE GOOKUM!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!



THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES DORMANT! FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC... LIKE A THING FROM EARTH!



AND SO... I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!



... BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!



2 PLUS ONE...
MOVE THE
DECIMAL
POINT...

$E=MC^2$

DON'T FORGET
THE X-FACTOR!

A MINUS THE
SQUARE ROOT!
EQUALS ZIBBEN
UND TZVONTZIK!



$E=MC^2$



PLUS THE
SQUARE ROOT...
ZOOT SUIT...
ROOTY
TOOT
TOOT...

GLARF!
GLARF!



BLAST IT, MAN!
HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE I TOLD
YOU, MELVIN, NOT
TO INTERRUPT
ME WHILE I'M
THINKING?



... SODDY, OLD
FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER!
NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT
WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM
BUSINESS...

THAT'S IT,
GLARF... THE
GOOKUM!



THE 500 YEARS ARE
UP! THE GOOKUM!
IT'S BEGINNING
TO STIR!



...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES!THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...



...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL! AND SOME-HOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!



LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!

QUICK! GET IT!



I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!

NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!



THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!

LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!



THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!

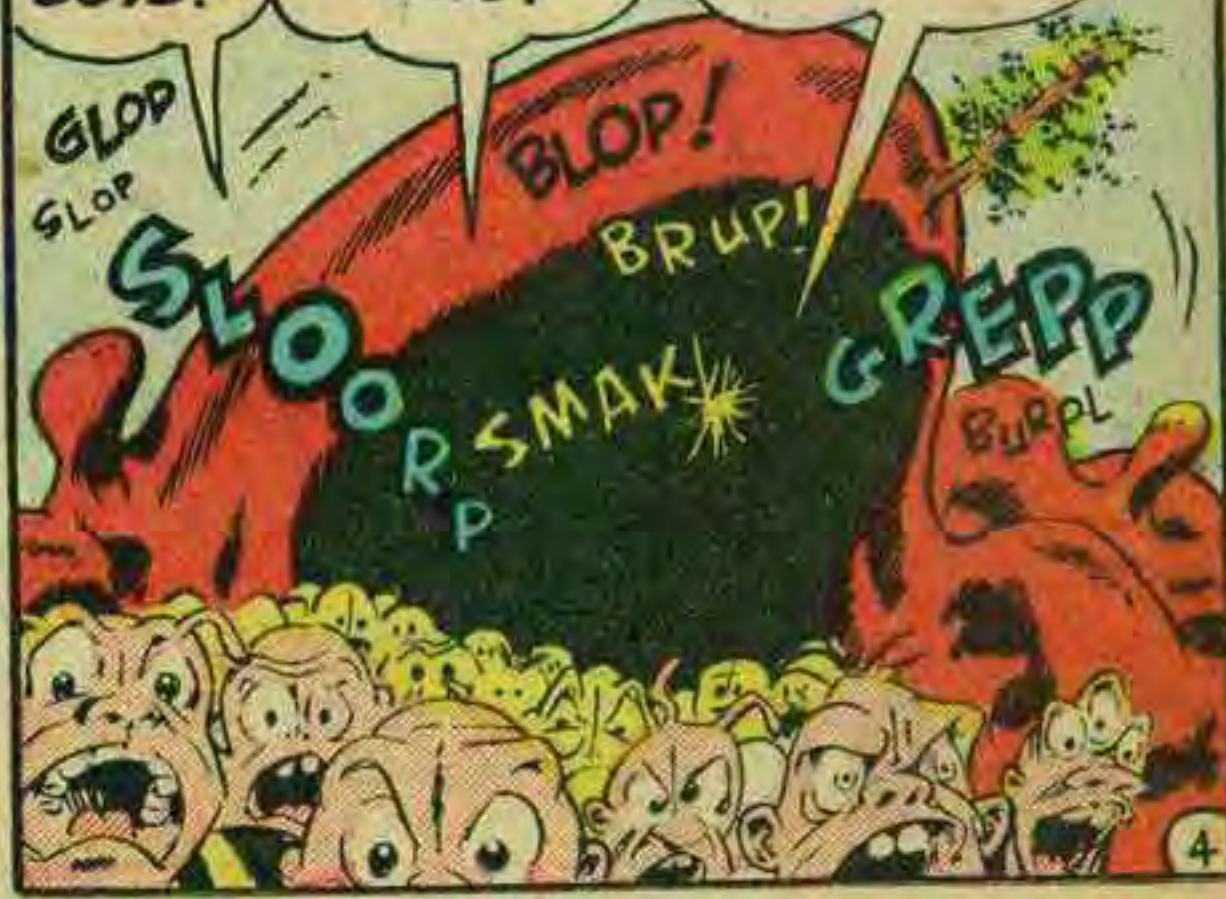
IT'S SLOBBERING AFTER US!



HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!

WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!

BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!



AH, YES!... SOON THIS, GULPING, Slobbering, Globbering GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!



THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY EENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!



LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!



LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET AT ME!



HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!

IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!

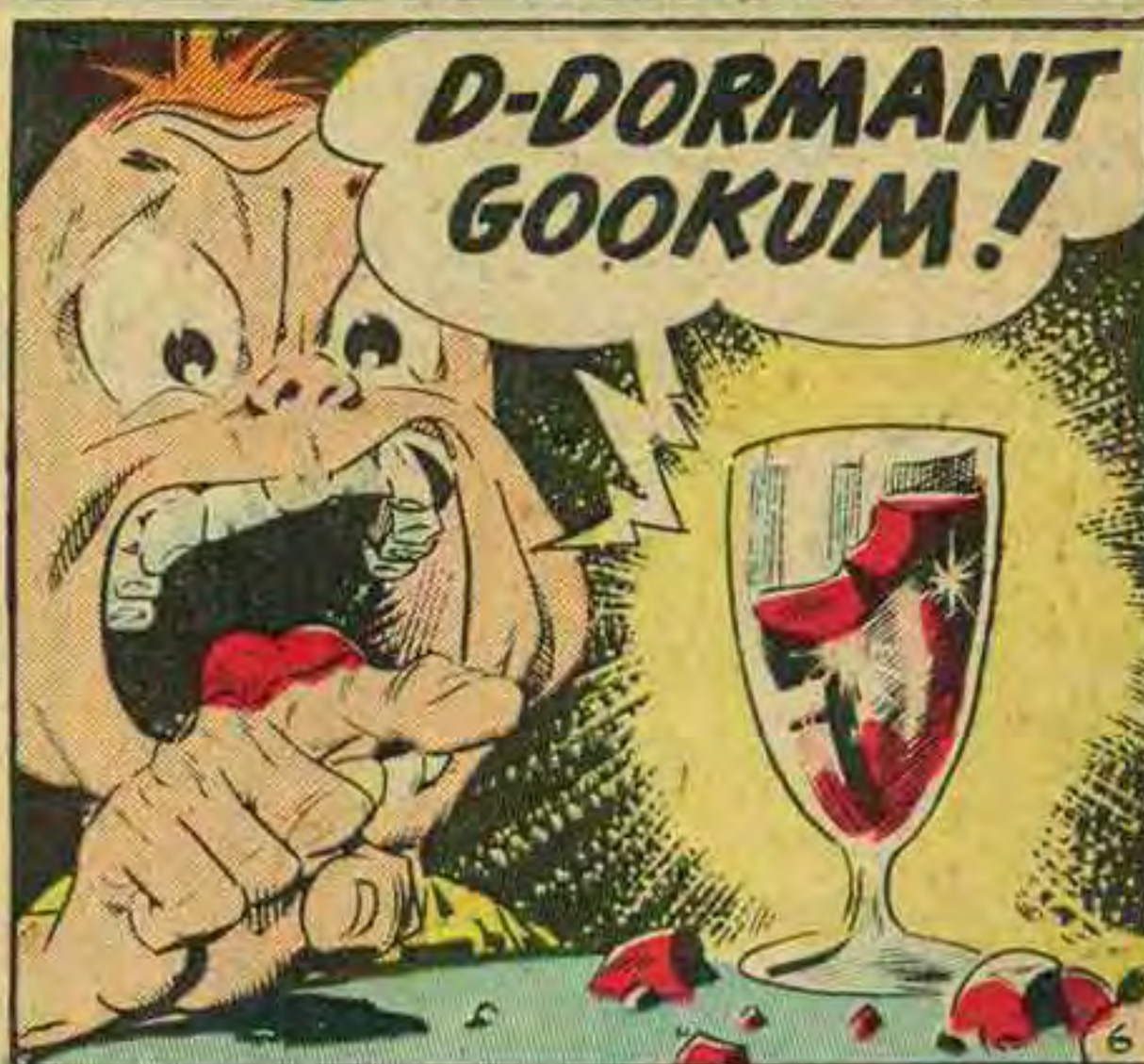


THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!



NOW!... BLAST OFF





CRIME DEPT. ! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL ! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU !... THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS... AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR !... FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN

MOLEY!



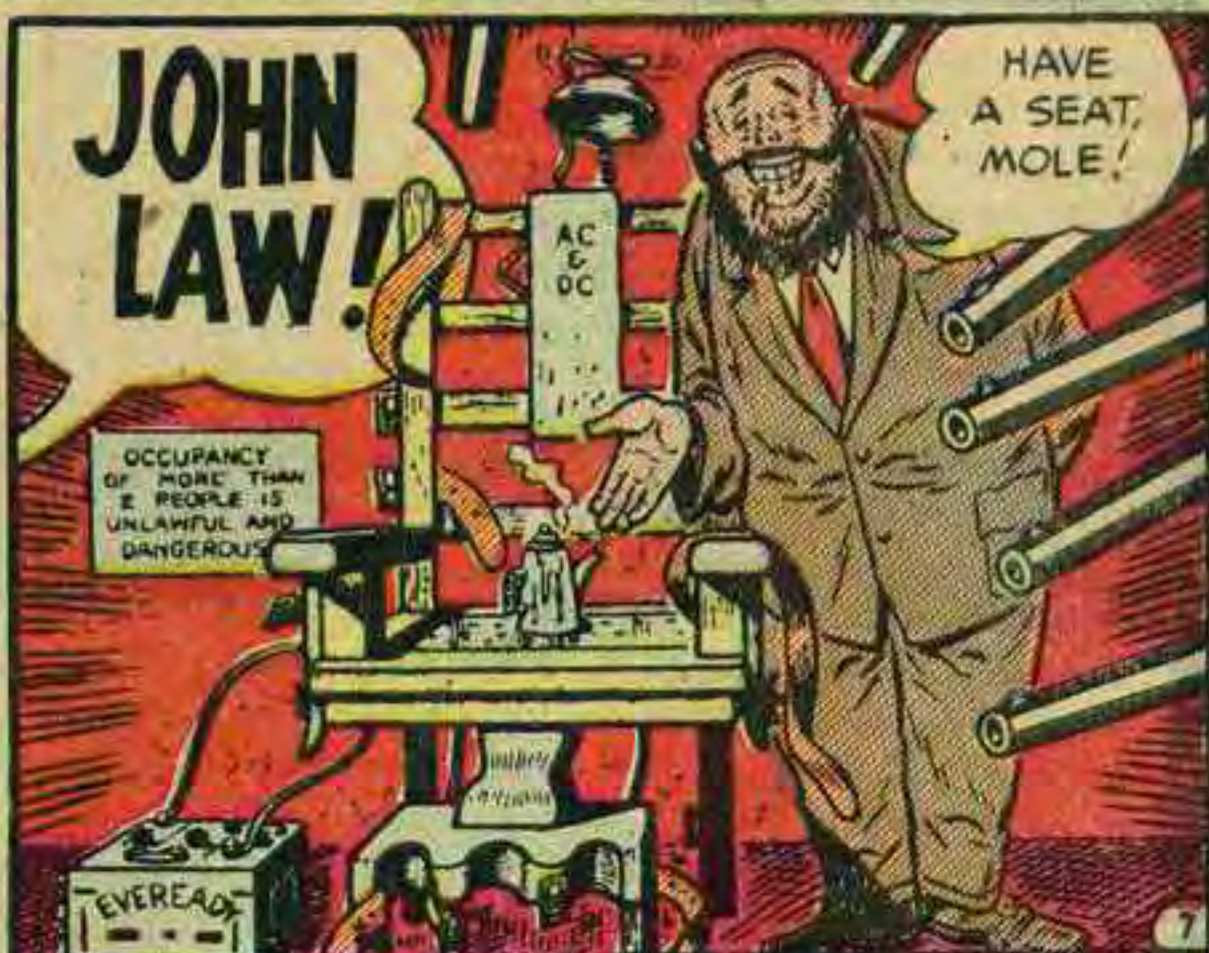
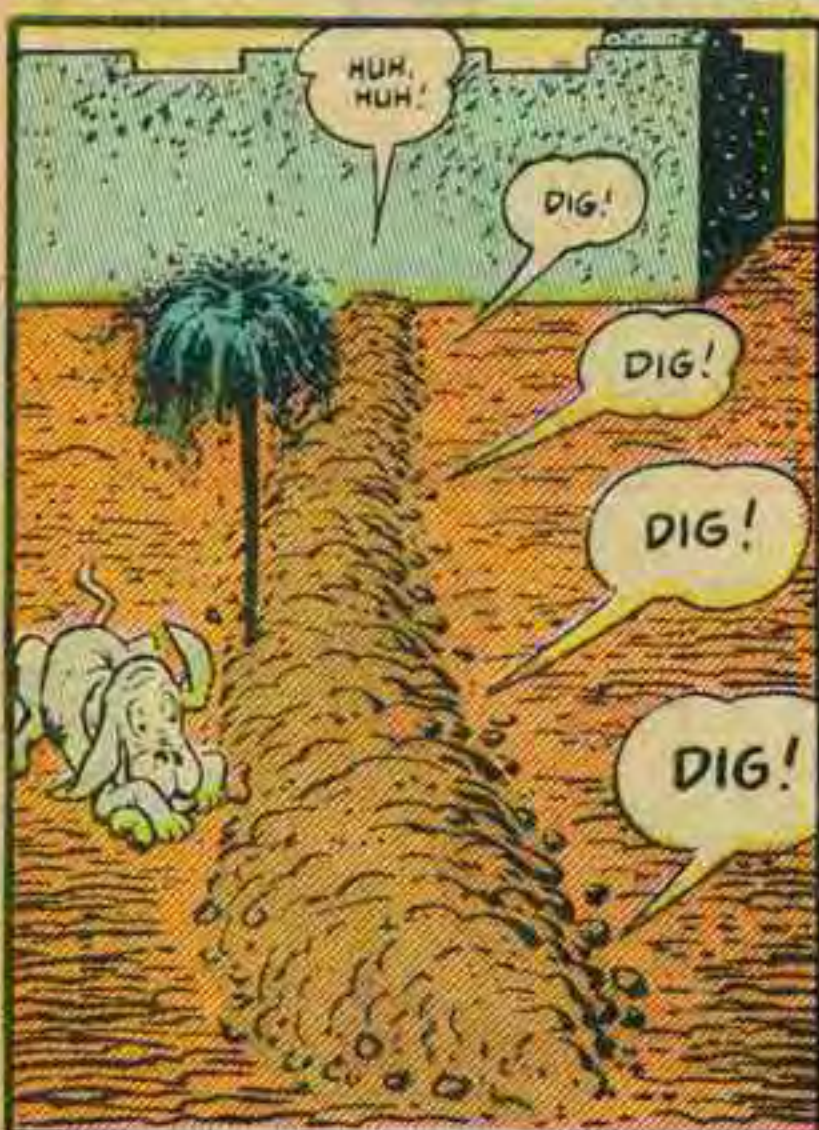












AND THAT'S THE STORY!... THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE FELLOW WHO DUG... THE FELLOW WHO HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

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YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.



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Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up t h a t sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

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